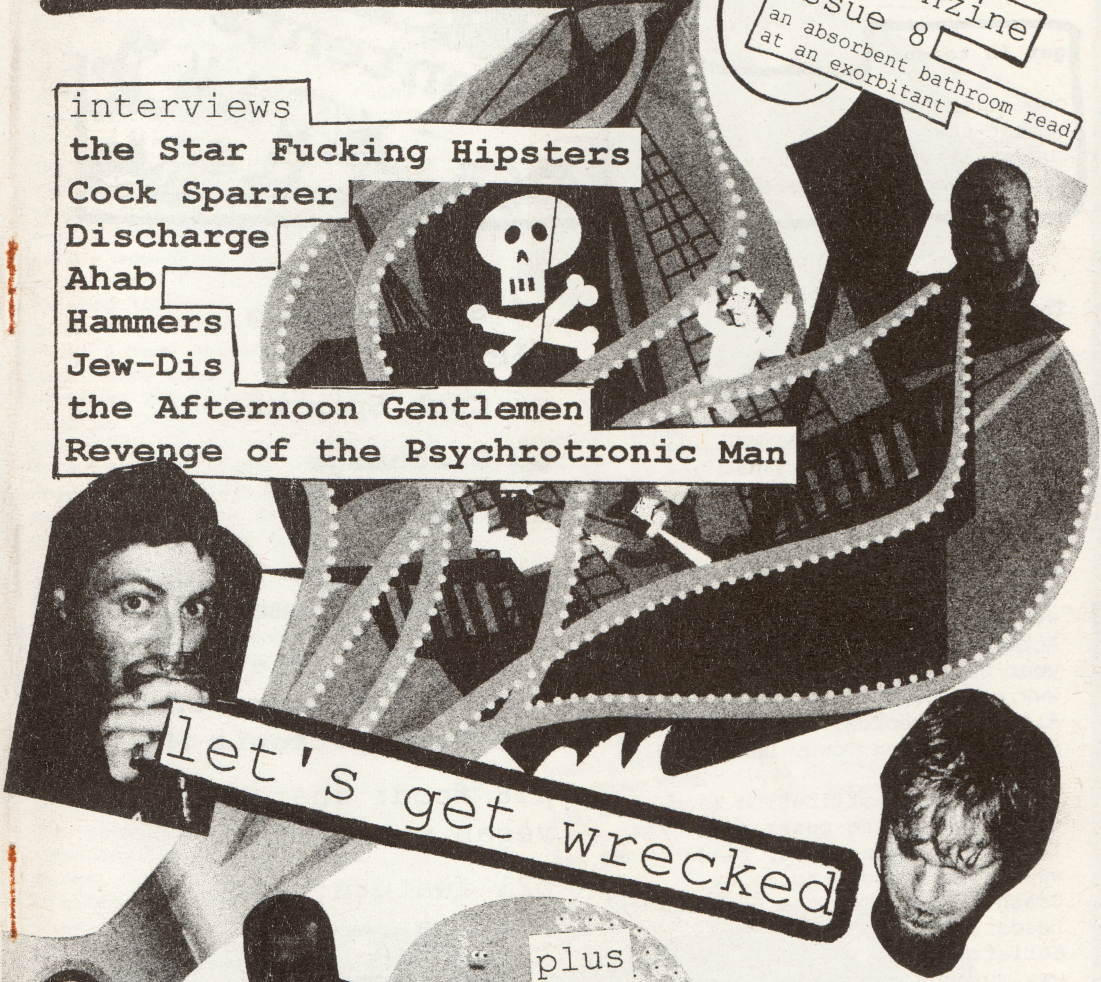
one way ticket to cubesville

50p

DIY fanzine
issue 8
an absorbent bathroom read at an exorbitant

interviews
the Star Fucking Hipsters
Cock Sparrer
Discharge
Ahab
Hammers
Jew-Dis
the Afternoon Gentlemen
Revenge of the Psychrotronic Man



let's get wrecked

plus

recipes: punx picnic
17th **century** punk
punk **pub quiz**
reviews

made DIY with scissors and pritstik

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p4 **Star Fucking Hipsters**

p6 **Cock Sparrer**

p9 **Discharge**

p12 **Jew-Dis**

p14 the vinyl countdown: **Hammers**

p16 punk rock action figures: **Revenge of the Psychrotronic Man**

p18 food: anarcho-vegan **punx picnic**

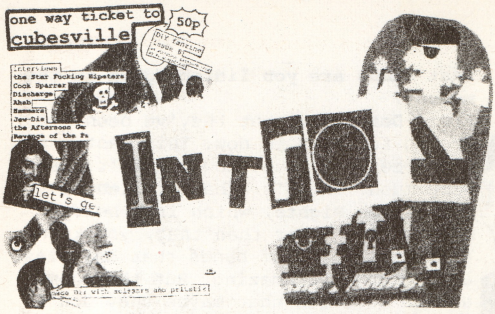
p21 feature: The **Ranters**

p23 **Afternoon Gentlemen**

p26 **Ahab**

p28 Reviews

p31 punx **pub quiz**



Arrr, and welcome to another issue of the Capn's favourite, *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*. The response to the last issue has been truly amazing with loads of people pleased by its return, or maybe they were just happy to have something different to read on the bog. Thanks anyway. Get in touch if you want a copy, but it's been a hit and we're running very low.

A lot changed in the 15-year pause between issues 6 and 7. Who would have thought the internet and mobile phones would have taken off as much as they did? 15 years ago we were on a euphoric high from the Desktop Publishing Revolution. It was all Pagemaker and Photoshop in the Cubesville camp.

This issue has gone back to DIY basics. Forget fancy fonts and Photoshopped images, this fanzine's constructed just using scissors and Pritstik. Massive thanks to Shaz for her arts and crafts input into the zine and making it the artisan publication you're holding now. It's amazing the stuff you do once you break the shackles of computers n stuff. You start making something in your own way, instead of how some computer nerd wants you to. There's a simple truth and honesty in scissors and Pritstik, as there's a simple truth and honesty in DIY music and culture.

With issue 7 being a "reunion" issue, it only featured bands and people that were around during the fanzine's first incarnation. Well, the good news is that we've cut the ship loose to feature whatever tickles our fancy. And that's a bloody lot - what a punk rock/d-beat/oi/doom/grindcore spectacular we have for you this time. The ship of creativity is floating free on the sea of inspiration, and will end up lying somewhere totally wrecked by the end of the night. Praise indeed goes to a fine piece of literature, *Captain Barnacle's Aquarium* by Edward Miller from which we've taken much visual inspiration this issue. Check it out. Captain Barnacle literally rocks.

In the time since issue 7 we've seen an election and a different set of administrators take up office. And whoever let those fucking tories back in power can sod off. I've said it many a time while watching young punks gadding about without a care in the world that what they need is a good spell of tory government. Then we'd see how this insipid apolitical college rock they have the audacity to call punk would last. With a bunch of land-owning tory bigots free to impose their will on us, perhaps in a funny way DIY, dissidence and discordant music will flourish.

We got the first taste of it during the election when business leaders came out opposing Labour's plans to raise income tax. These people trumpeted their importance to the nation, claiming to employ more than 1 million people. But so what? Their votes should have held as much sway as those of the people who cleaned their offices. And no more.

Talking of which, what kind of sway do the record companies have over government in their campaign against music piracy? In any rational argument, sharing music inspires people to get into it more, whether that be through collaboration, posting each other cassette tapes or file sharing. People go to gigs, buy more records, make more music, get involved. But big record companies obsess with talk of piracy and disappearing revenues. They fail to mention the glaringly obvious - that they don't have the same iron grasp on the music industry that they once had. Lots of other capitalists are getting in on the action, whether it's the organisers and sponsors of boring college rock festivals or the American neo-liberal hippies pretending to be punks in order to sell boring college rockers their ridiculous clothing. Piracy? My arse. The business model for the rock music industry, from the likes of Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry onwards, was based on that of cotton farms in the deep south of America from where they came. The record company plays the part of the white farm owner keeping the workers firmly in check with one-sided contracts and complete ownership over their output. So how dare these ridiculous capitalists call for the broadband connection of music mad kids. We need to sort out who're the real greedy fuckers. Cut theirs off instead.

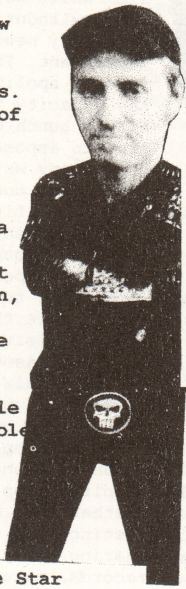
But enough of cutting things off. We do hope you enjoy this issue, we think it's a belter. Check out the Cubesville blog for more stuff. To find it, just Google "Cubesville".

Cheers

Reverend Richard Cubesville
Manchester, May 2010

STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS

With a line up that reads like a who's who of the New York punk scene, the Star Fucking Hipsters are Brooklyn's coolest crusties. With members of the likes of Choking Victim, the Degenerics, Leftover Crack and the Slackers, the Star Fucking Hipsters have developed from a hobby to a full-on occupation.
We caught up with guitarist and driving force Sturgeon, of Leftover Crack fame, to chew the fat on punk, peace and even Judas Priest.
The interview is on the Cubesville blog (just Google Cubesville) as a downloadable half-hour music and chat show, and was originally broadcast on Manchester anarcho-vegan radio show Under the Pavement.



What's the ethos behind the Star Fucking Hipsters?
Ethos.. that's a very broad term. I would like to think the Star Fucking Hipsters doesn't have a particular ethos but it is a continuation of the other bands that I have been a part of.

I was going to ask you what's the crack behind the Star Fucking Hipsters...
That's a part of it - we're not Leftover Crack. We're different people. Some of us have matured and whatnot. But we're still playing similar music y'know, and we still have similar politics but maybe we're trying to get away from the negative aspects of drugs and things like that.

You're starting a positive crust movement?
Yeah, that's the kind of thing I would like to think... Not that we could do that.

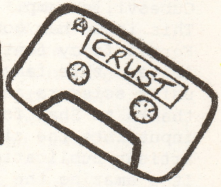
How's Brooklyn for the crust scene? It seems to be the coolest place on earth for indie stuff.
Brooklyn's the new Manhattan or whatever, the new downtown Lower East Side. It's all moved over to Brooklyn really. That's the only place that has good DIY shows.

That surprises me. What does 80s pop do to you?
It makes me dance.

What bands are you listening to at the moment?
Errr, **Deathmold**, but they've been around for a while now. This past year I've been very busy so I haven't been home much. There's a band called **Mutilation Rights**, which is a heavy metal band. Other than that, you know there are a lot of bands that only last a year but are amazing. But they come and go so often that maybe they don't release a record and nobody's heard of them. I like bands that follow through though. If you've dedicated maybe half a year of your life to a band and you have a bunch of songs that are great, you should definitely make an effort to document it. Something that's more than a show flyer.

I was talking to a friend about growing up in the golden age of tape trading...
You know with crust punk, it started with people trading tapes. Now I know a lot of new crust punk bands who only want to make tapes. That's the punkest thing and that was the root of this movement. I love tapes and I still have a tape player.

Stand up for Exciter: Here's how Strugeon would look as the Judas Priest frontman.

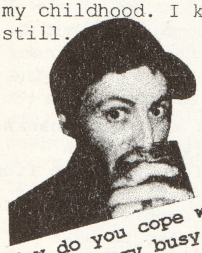


I still buy tapes.
Yeah. Eastern Europe is a good place to buy them. I like making my own mix tapes. It's not the same burning a CD. I like pressing the pause button and doing an edit on it so the beat from one song goes through to the other. It's a little more creative.

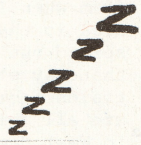
STAR FUCKI

I remember listening to the John Peel Show with my fingers on Play and Record...
In New York City it's kind of odd, we never really had a staple punk show or anything like that, which would be around for more than a year or so. It's not something that I got growing up. And still in New York City to this day it has the worst radio stations from any city I've been to in the world. We don't even have a good 80s station, which bums me out personally because I love 80s pop music.

Which bands in particular?
Almost anything. **Men at Work** or **Cindy Lauper**. Anything like that. **Michael Jackson**, **Prince**, all that stuff is from my childhood. I kind of embrace it still.



How do you cope with touring? You sound like a very busy man.
Unfortunately I cope with drinking, which I don't promote. It's not very healthy, but that's what I'm going to do tonight.



I heard a rumour that you need white noise in the background to get to sleep.
White noise helps me sleep, it's true.

And from sleeping onto dreaming. What would your Utopia be?
I would be on a desolate island with a boat so I could come and go when I wanted, but nobody else was there. And it was dead silent. You couldn't see one electric light from horizon to horizon. You'd get a perfect view of the sunset over the water. That's what I'd like, but I don't think I'm going to get that. Or anything close to it. I'm looking for the end of the world, and to hang around there for a year. And then see how much I like cities and people.

NG HIPSTERS

What's your political Utopia?
Autonomy. I guess that's the point of being on an island by yourself. At this moment I'm so disillusioned with every government in the world. I'm sure there are a couple of places that are cool, but they're off my radar. I wouldn't consider myself an anarchist, but I agree with a lot of anarchist politics.

Is anarchy a punk rock pipe dream, an achievable reality or a means to an end?
That's why I always call myself an autonomist. As long as you're not interfering with other people's lives you should be allowed to do what you want; to govern yourself. So it's not anarchy - you'd be governing yourself, right? If everybody could govern themselves, we wouldn't have the problems we have in the world.

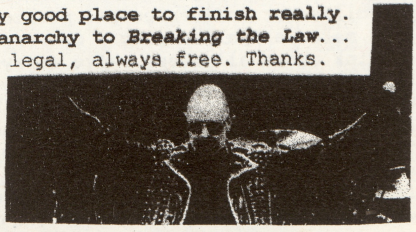
What's the future of the Star Fucking Hipsters?
We've got this tour, but I'm so scatterbrained at the moment that I don't think I'm capable of booking a tour. What we have set in stone is some shows and another record, for Fat again. We need to get writing some songs. We have two left over from our last one because we over-wrote.

So we know there's a record, but we don't know what it is yet.
It was going to be **Ska Fucking Hipsters** but we've started playing more metal and I think metal moves me.

Beware, metal can be a man-trap, just ask any early 1980s punk band...
I don't want a boys club, you know what I'm saying. Most of the bands that I listen to are metal or punk bands that have at least a female member or homosexuals as part of the band. So it's not just a bunch of grunts.

Certainly in the case of Judas Priest **or** Girlschool...
Sure, **Judas Priest** is alright. What I love about **Judas Priest** is that they're still embraced by men that hate gay people or are so closeted that they hate themselves. Rob Halford had this joke. He wasn't ashamed of it, he kept it to himself, but he was a leather man. Everybody dressed like him and you still can't go to a metal show or a punk show and not see a bunch of dudes with spikes. He made that style happen and nobody can deny that and it's great. From what I've heard too Rob Halford is a really good guy.

Excellent. I think Judas Priest **is a really good place to finish really. From anarchy to *Breaking the Law*...**
Never legal, always free. Thanks.



It's such a pleasure to welcome Cock Sparrer to these pages. In rocknroll history they bridged the gap between pub rock legends like Dr Feelgood **or the** Heavy Metal Kids, **and the bubonic outbreak of germ-ridden adolescent punks in the long hot summer of 1976. Sitting comfortably at the bar with the** Small Faces, **or having a laugh on the pub steps with the later street punk bands,** Cock Sparrer **beg the question: In a parallel universe the** Sex Pistols **never happened, but would punk have gone ahead anyway? Questions kindly answered by** Cock Sparrer **frontman Colin. Many thanks, owe you a pint.**

What's kept you playing music together so long? How have you avoided personality clashes, musical differences, rampant egos, disillusionment and other such pitfalls?

There are no egos in this band. We all realise that this is all a bit of a laugh and a chance to have a few weekends away with your mates. Anyone that tried to come the big superstar would soon get knocked back into place. We're just really grateful to be able to be doing this and have never taken ourselves too seriously. All we ever set out to do, right from the beginning, was to try to be the type of band that gave everyone a good night out. No posing, no posturing, just a few mates having a beer. There are some musical differences in the band but that's one of the things that keeps it healthy. We do have different tastes in the music we listen to, Daryl's really into his Ska, Burge's favourite songwriter is George M. Cohan and it's the different influences all put together that makes a Sparrer song a Sparrer song. I think above all else, we've always said that the band side of things is a bonus. We're mates first and foremost and have been since school and that is the most important thing. If we played no more gigs, we'd still go for a pint, the families would still get together and we'd still be having a laugh.

How has life in the East End changed in Cock Sparrer**'s long career? We thought that the East Enders all made their pile from the Right to Buy and retired to Spain.**

It's changed a lot in some ways, but I guess only in the ways that other inner cities have changed over the years. The East End of London has always been a melting pot of different cultures thanks to the docks and the markets, which initially attracted different people from all over the world. It's the same today with loads of different people with different backgrounds trying to make their mark. I suppose a noticeable change from when I was a kid growing up in the area is that a lot of families have spread out into Essex. It certainly seems that way every Saturday when all the trains from Barking and all points east are all full up with people trying to get to West Ham.

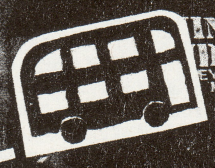
You set up Cock Sparrer **Coach Tours Limited, catering for tourists wanting a real flavour of London life. What places do you show your customers to give them that authentic** Cock Sparrer **London experience? And which one of you gets to drive?**

Ha ha. Difficult to answer this one without coming across as all "Gord blimey guvnor" and "Jellied Eels and Ray Winston". On the DVD that we did a few years back, we tried to take people round the places that were instrumental in Sparrer's history. Unfortunately all of the pubs were now shut down or turned into supermarkets or car parks. This tour would certainly have to include a trip to "The Academy" at Upton Park to see where the World Cup was won in 1966 and probably finish at Robins Pie and Mash shop in East Ham High Street. As to who would drive, well it would the last one on obviously cos the rest of us would be up the back with the crates of light ale and the wank mags.

Has this country gone to the dogs? What do we do with politicians and bankers? And please gentlemen, keep it printable.
Only in the same way that it's "gone to the dogs" before with previous recessions. Politicians are politicians are politicians. Back handers from big corporations to get favours done has always been there and is often repaid with non-executive jobs on the board when the politician retires. Jobs for the boys from particular public schools is not news, it's always existed. The world economy is in meltdown but it seems that it's just the total inefficiency of this particular government that means we'll be in recession longer than other countries. We're lucky that we live in a democracy where we do have the power to change things and the corruption of our government officials, unlike other countries, runs to expenses, moats and light bulbs. The working man will do as he always has done, which is to put food on his family's table irrespective of the decisions made in Westminster.

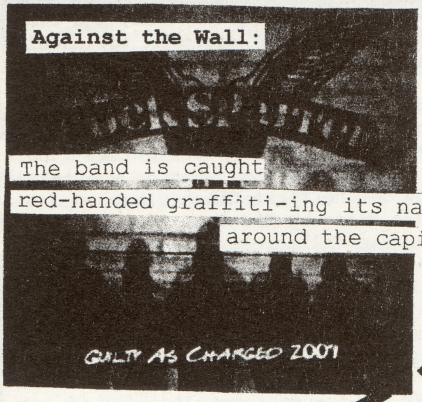
Following a freak thunderstorm, you find yourself "out on an island in the middle of the bright blue sea". In Desert Island Discs fashion, what records do you put on your desert island ipod to keep you company in the long, lonely, months ahead? You're also allowed to take a book and a luxury with you, what do you take?
There'd be the first **Clash** album, *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* by **The Small Faces**, *Rocking The Fillmore* by **Humble Pie**, *Smash* by **The Offspring**, *Kitsch* by **The Heavy Metal Kids**, *Specials* by **The Specials** and *And Out Come The Wolves* from **Rancid**. As for books, probably the **Joe Strummer** biography *The Future Is Unwritten* and *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee. I'm not really into luxuries but I'd have to have a football.

The thing that really made us laugh, sitting at home in Dagenham on the dole was the way in which the "music industry" was totally unprepared for punk, but soon had to be a part of it and accept it. Almost a "fit in or fuck off" situation.



***Working* is still a classic and as relevant as ever. So is *I Fit Central Heating* on rare occasion. But has work ever got in the way of playing rocknroll? What's the worst job you've ever had? And who are the most shocking people you've worked with?**
It still gets in the way. We all have jobs to make ends meet, and often have to turn gigs down cos we can't get the time off or have used up all of our holiday. I remember me and Burge once worked for this bloke that owned an off licence (not a smart move on his part). He must have had other interests because he lived in this enormous house, which had a massive garden. He also had a couple of Rotweillers, a German Shepherd and another small little yappy thing. Things were a bit slow in the shop, so for a bit of a cash bonus he asked us to pop round his house and do a bit of gardening. I don't know what he fed these dogs but I've never seen so much dog shit in all my life. I pointed out to Burge that my careers teacher at school had predicted that I'd end up shovelling shit one day and Burge replied that not to worry cos one day we'd be able to use the story in an interview. Well, happy days.

If you could have a day in the life of another rocknroll personality, who, what, why, when, where, how....?
It would have to be Steve Marriott. When I was a kid growing up, all of my big sister's mates fancied him, my brothers wanted to be able to afford to dress like him and from about the age 14 onwards, all I ever wanted to do was to be able to sing like him. He came from our manor and was a bit of the local celebrity. Imagine how I felt when we were asked to support **The Small Faces** on their reunion tour in 1977. The fella's just the bollocks as far as I'm concerned.

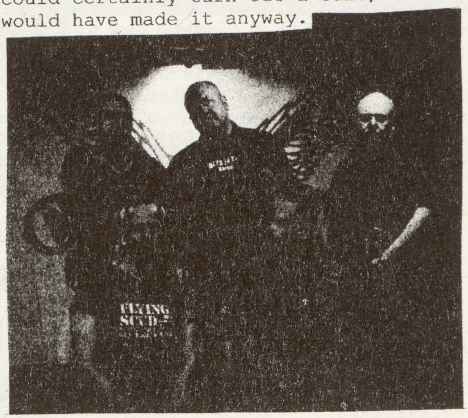


With such an influence on punk rock, it seems you're rolled out like national treasures at festivals around the world. Did you ever expect such a response, and what do you make of it? Are there any new punk bands that tickle your fancy?

It's fairly well recorded that we never expected the response that we got when we first got back together to play the Astoria in 1992. We honestly thought that no-one would be there, let alone it be packed out with people from all over the world who knew every word to every song. That same feeling still applies today. We are still totally overwhelmed by the distances that some people travel to come and see the band, and it's something that we'll never take for granted but will always be grateful for. 2009 was a bit different because we tried to get to a few places that either we hadn't been to before or been back to for a long time. We've also made made the conscious decision to play some smaller club gigs as well as the bigger shows. We don't really wanna be a band that just plays to 5,000 people. We love the smaller shows as well, where you ain't on a stage 6ft high and behind safety barriers. We're gonna do the same in 2010. I honestly think that the scene is healthier now than it has been for a long time, with some great venues to play and weekend festivals like Rebellion and Punk & Disorderly in Germany bringing everyone together. There are quite a few bands that we've played with or listened to that deserve a mention. I like Stomper 98, Middle Finger Salute from Blackburn, Street Dogs and Deadline to name but a few.

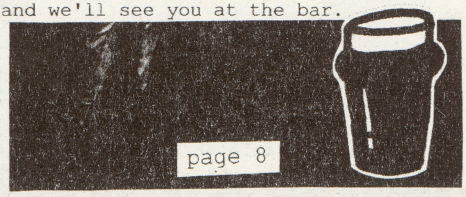
You were courted by Malcolm MacLaren early on. Do you think punk rock would have happened if he had stuck to the clothes shop and hadn't got involved with the Sex Pistols**? And without the abrasive presence of the** Sex Pistols**, what bands from around that time do you reckon had a lasting influence on the shape of rocknroll?**

Malcolm McLaren was a small catalyst in a small part of the history of punk rock. As much as he would like to take the all the credit, there were other people around at time who were just as important. People like Bernie Rhodes was getting **The Clash** together. The whole thing grew so rapidly because of the press coverage by writers like Tony Parsons and Julie Burchell at the NME and of course really hit home nationally with the **Pistols** and the Bill Grundy interview. The music scene was horrible at the time with **The Wurzels, Brotherhood of Man** and **Abba** (nothing wrong with **Abba**) taking up the chart positions. Something had to change. The thing that really made us laugh, sitting at home in Dagenham on the dole was the way in which the "music industry" was totally unprepared for punk, but soon had to be a part of it and accept it. Almost a "fit in or fuck off" situation. Punk rock was now "the music industry". I like to think that there were a few bands, like the **Buzzcocks**, who could certainly turn out a tune, that would have made it anyway.



….and anything else you'd like to add?

Good luck with the reformed *One Way Ticket to Cubesville*. 2010 will see us getting out to a few more places. Cheers and we'll see you at the bar.



Focus on d-beat

This issue we're looking at d-beat. First off, check out **Simply d-beat** radio shows by Steve *Attitude Problem*, the man behind premier anarchopunk/d-beat festival **Means to an End** and Richard *Cubesville*. As this zine goes to press, the pilot show has been recorded and will be available to download. Check out the Cubesville blog for details (simply Google Cubesville). Other than providing a soundtrack to some of the more frantic moments of my life, Discharge have a special place in this fanzine.

Not a lot of people know this but *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* and the d-beat movement have a link forged in the mists of time. The roots to *Cubesville* lie in a fanzine I did with three other punkers in the late 1980s, imaginatively called *Rise Above*. In a haze of caffeine and boredom, four friends concluded that the sleepy town of Southport - a large geriatric unit bolted on to the north-west coast of England - needed a hardcore movement. My three comrades played in such pioneering earsplitters as **Paradox UK**, **Doctor and the Crippens** and **False Insight**. I was the geeky one, the George Harrison of the fanzine group. I found myself in lashings of alcohol and my own spiritual anti-zines, while the others went off in their own ways. The d-beat connection lay in *Rise Above* writer Dave - before **Doctor and the Crippens** and before he became a celebrated Amsterdam DJ, he also played drums on **Discharge**'s *Why* 12 inch. Quite the local hero. Living in Am*Dam must be way cooler than hitch-hiking between Wigan and Stoke though, just to contract repetitive strain injury behind a dilapidated drum kit. What do you reckon? Check out the d-beat into to the first **Crippens** album though for the link between d-beat and late 1980s UKHC. If you think it matters like.

DISCHARGE

Here's a band that needs little introduction but gains plenty of post match analysis, (check out Simply d-beat). Questions kindly answered by Rat.

City Rat attacked by babies: Discharge still attract the younger generation.

Wearing your Varukers **hat, Rat, if you'll pardon the medical connotations, you're reputed as having fronted the first d-beat band. What attracted you to the sound of** Discharge **when others were jumping around to the sounds of the** Angelic Upstarts **or** Chron Gen**? How does it feel to have led the charge of d-beat bands? Are you surprised that it became a global phenomenon, as recognisable as punk itself?**

Me and Garry Moloney the original **Varukers** drummer liked the **Discharge** sound from day one and sort of tried to steer the Varukers sound in that direction. So when he left 25 years ago, we wished him all the best and it's like fate I supose that 20 years later I get a call to join them on vocals. Obviuously Garry had left way by then; that would have been weird if he was still drummimg for them. It was sort of natural for **Varukers** to go down the d-beat path, although Garry tells me he took the **Varukers** beat to discharge,which I supose if you listen he's right. No surprise how things took off - the **Discharge** sound was great to get into, so no surprise became the phenomenon it did.

Do you think the world has moved on much from when you started out? And do you think Discharge has something to tell the kids today?
Not really - it's the same old shit but dished up on a different menu. Yes i still consider discharge to be relevant today; we still have a say in this pile of shit that they call life.

Do you reckon you get more anarchistic the older you get, or just grumpier?
Oh definatley more grumpier. Well I have anyway, because people won't fucking listen to me so I have to start shouting louder.

Git owt of moi *Why*: Discharge hail from the Midlands. And yow shouldn't fuck with them loike.

In amongst the punk rock chaos of your recent 1 in 12 Club appearance, I noticed you've speeded up *Protest and Survive*, almost to a stately march. Do you worry that d-beat purists may pour scorn on you for tampering with the songs? And which version of *Protest and Survive* do you prefer - Discharge or Varukers?
Well obviously when you are playing live things do speed up a little; that's the adrenalin rush or something. We actually played *Look at Tomorrow* at the practice like on the *Why* 12 inch, then Rainy stopped and asked what we were doing; he wants us to play it like we do now, as this is us, so hey, who are me and Dave to argue? So tough shit to the purists.

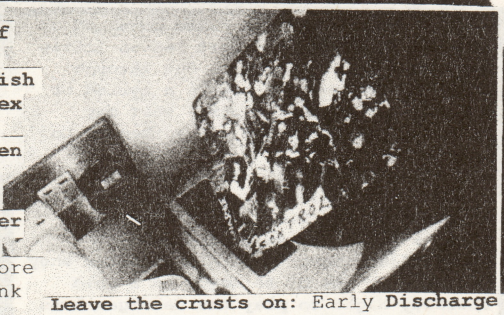
In 1982, Discharge asked: "For how long do we tolerate these fools drunk with power?" It's always painful watching someone else rolling around drunk, especially with power. Do you think we see as flagrant displays of power-crazed intoxication these days? What do you think would sober up these power-drunk fools?
Oh leave the people alone - those fools drunk with power, sometimes its me. Don't forget how the mighty have to fall.
All around the world people get high on a feeling of gung-ho, and they like the power rush and need more to satisfy the craving for more murder. They become blind to the destruction that their actions take.

Talking of being drunk, if Discharge ran a pub, let's call it *The Dove and Dagger*, probably in some post industrial corner of the Midlands like Hanley, what kind of place would it be? What beers would you serve? Who would you employ to work behind the bar? Which washed out old drunks would you employ to collect glasses? Would you have a door policy? What kinds of nights would you run? And as landlords, what would be your star turns on the karaoke machine?
Funny you should mention that. The guitarist for **Varukers**, Sean, actually runs a pub - the Old Angel in Nottingham, so I probably would get him in for some advice. What sort of place would it be? A fucking ace place. Live music obviously, definitely have to be Strongbow cider and a good lager - somehing like Stella - on tap so I can have my snakebites.
Well obviously I would employ **Varukers'** Sean. The rest of the staff? Not sure, have to wait till I've interviewed them all. Why, you want a job? **Jimmy Pursey** to collect glasses. Sorry, i thought you said washed up old punks. Yea door policy - NO ARSEHOLES EXCEPT THOSE THAT WORK THERE. We'd have bingo nights and punk pub quiz nights. Oh yea, and got to have karaoke; got to do something when not touring. My star turn has to be either an **Ozzy** song or **Elvis** (didn't expect that did ya).

Fish have a mucous coating to help them move through the water and to protect them from diseases—that's why they feel slimy.

Discharge, Varukers, English Dogs, Sacrilege. **It seems the first wave of British hardcore was undone when it aspired to join the New Wave of British Heavy Metal. But away from the spandex and perms, do you think metal was as valid as punk? Crossing over back then was a big thing; do you think people are as tribal now as they were back then? Or do you reckon they're happier to go with the flow?**

It's a lie - I never had a perm or wore spandex. Speaking for myself, the punk scene got very stagnent and after witnessing what Discharge did as regards the *Grave New World* stuff, I didn't want the **Varukers** going down that metal route, so I decided to split the band up. I got into a lot of the metal stuff that was going around after I went to see **Metallica** and **Anthrax** in Brum (Cliff Burton on bass) and the whole gig blew me away. **Sacrilege** and the **English Dogs** did their thing, but in the end it fizzled out. And no, I don't think the metal scene was as valid as the punk scene, but that's just my opinion. I could have kept the **Varukers** together and just carried on regardless, but at the time I lost a bit of enthusiasm and it would have been wrong to have just gone through the motions. I couldn't have done that to the people who had supported the **Varukers** - I have too much of a conscience for my own good. An with that time away, we recharged the old batteries, and onward and upward...



Leave the crusts on: Early **Discharge** records were considered the best thing since sliced bread.

You've successfully kept the Varukers on track and led the return of Discharge as a gigging band. How long can you keep it up? And what drives you to keep on going?

If you enjoy what you do, it's easy. I had no intention of singing for any other band except the **Varukers**. When Tezz called me and asked if I wanted to sing for **Discharge** I said I would think about it. Then 10 seconds later I said yea. I didn't know what to expect, but it's great to see that after all this time the guys still believe in it. I wouldn't want to join a band that is just going through the motions, and it's great to hear from Bones and Rainy that in their opinion this is the best time they are having. I feel honoured to be a part of it. How long can I keep it up? Till I collapse. And as regards what drives me, as I mentioned earlier, the belief in what we are doing.

Warning: Like the **Rods'** *Full Throttle* EP and **St Winifreds School Choir's** *There's No-one Quite Like Grandma*, latter **Discharge** records are for the hardened, cauterised, connoisseur.

Water is not all the same. The ocean is salt water while most lakes and rivers are fresh water. Some fish can survive in both but many live only in salt or fresh water.

Lots of people say the pared down and regimented style of d-beat leaves little room for experimentation. But through those bleak confines breaks a myriad of ideas and interpretations - what may appear a prison to one, is a theatre to another.
One band that breaks the shackles of musical conformity to release a fecundity of ideas is Sheffield's Jew-Dis; **the world's first Jewish d-beat band.** ***Cubesville*** **caught up with them after they ventured up the M1 to Leeds on a cold Thursday night to play the Cardigan Arms alongside** Tortyr, Cry Havoc **and** Life Destruction **and where they wowed the crowd with shrieked vocals over relentless pounding music. D-beat heaven. Let's hear from singer Avi what inspires these kosher crusties to split eardrums the d-beat way...**

Shalom
Marhaba

The inevitable question to ask a Jewish d-beat band. Why, why, why, why why?
The name was a bit of a piss-take between me and my previous house mate/band member about the whole anti-Deutsch/pro-Israel issue. We thought: "We enjoy playing d-beat and it would be funny if we could call ourselves **Jew-Dis** and get a tour of Germany. The band members are just mates and people that were around in bands at the time. The original line up was: Rich Palmer (bass), Lee Sampson (drums), Chris "the claw" Law (guitar) and myself. Claw later left and Chris Brown joined on guitar. When Rich left for Prague we had Shabs, who played with Lee in another great local young band, **Global Disaster**, join on bass. We've been going with current line-up for just over 18 months.

The J-core movement seems to have taken off around the world with bands like Jew Driver **making a name for themselves. Do you feel that you have a bigger message to convey? Can you think of any more J-core bands waiting to be formed? Do you think there's any hope for a J-crust movement?**
Yeah, music and jews have gone together well over the years; *Fiddler on the Roof*, **Barbara Streisand, Sammy Davis Junior,** to name a few. I remember when I was 16 listening to this Aussie band called **Yidcore** and I later found out about **Jew Driver;** I mean, they both take a fun poke at Jewish traditions. But I'm trying to take the more black metal "Christians to the lions" approach on it I guess. I'm not holding my breath with the j-crust moment.

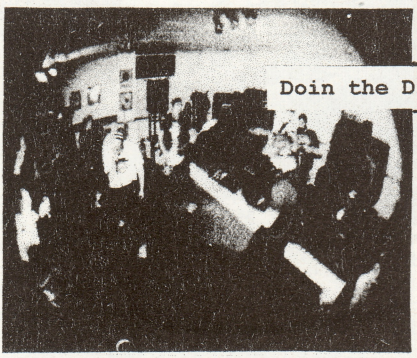
JEW - DIS

How have you gone down with the punters so far?
It's been a blast so far. We have had some mixed reactions; my Israeli mates and Jewish people I met seem to love the idea of it. Actually the only people that seem to get offended have a very remote connection to what we are talking about in any way. And if you're so PC and up your own arse that you can't take a joke, then just don't listen to us.

Discharge **often used Biblical imagery to convey the horrors of war, such as** ***Massacre of Innocents***, ***Hell on Earth*** **and in the** ***Possibility of Life's Destruction*****. Do you carry this tradition through to** Jew Dis?
We do use a lot of religious imagery, but I think in a different manner than **Discharge** do. We did use some mockery icon-ism towards an Israeli Sephardic rabbi, Ovadia Yosef, when he set out new guidelines of Judaism stating that all conversions to Judaism done in previous years are now void. We also had a run of patches with Jude Law inside a Star of David. Some of our artwork focuses on Neturei Karta, the anti-Zionism Hasidic Jews.

Does Sheffield have a thriving Jewish punk rock community? What do you guys get up to down there?
I think I can safely say that we are the only Jewish punk band in Sheffield. But Sheffield does have a really good punk scene with new great bands every few years. **Cry Havoc** make some amazing southern rock d-beat; **Death Job** play thrashy and fast; **Skiplickers** are raw and energetic and probably the fastest d-beat in Yorkshire; **Pudge** play rough pop punk, fuelled by chips and cider.

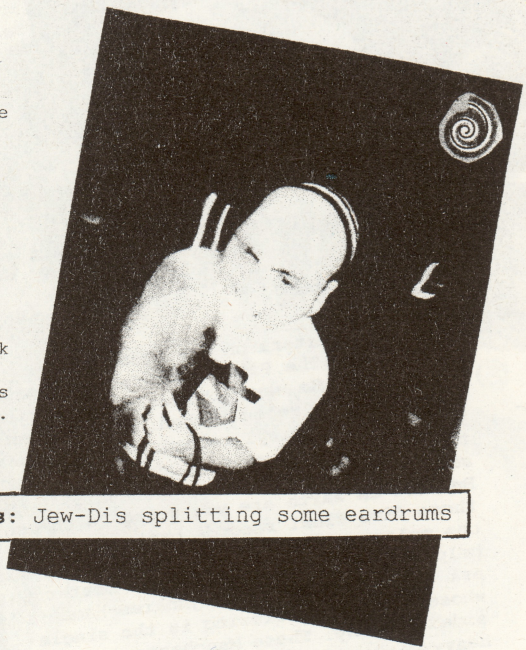
I'm guessing a Jewish band wouldn't be playing with the 4-Skins**, but who would your dream gig be with?**
Avi: My dream gig would have been with **Mefageret** or **DPA** - two amazing Israeli bands that have not been around for the last 10 years. And it would have be in the Patiphone, which I think is renamed the Rogatka, now a social centre in the south of Tel Aviv. It has a really small stage and a bar just next to it, so I could get another pint in between songs.
Chris: My dream gig would be with the Dutch master of psych rock **Focus**, on 5 October 1973.
Shabs: My dream gig would not involve me playing it, but as a very intoxicated spectator of **Skitsystem** at Moshfest. Check out the video.
Lee: I would like to take a bag of shrooms and go watch **Pink Floyd** on *The Wall* tour .



The four of you are stranded on a desert island and are only able to rescue five records before your ship sinks below the crashing waves. What five records do you take with you to keep you company in the long wait for rescue?
Shabs: Mine would be *La Sanie de Siecles* by **Peste Noire.**
Chris: I wouldn't need a full album, a single would be enough. It would have to be *Hocus Pocus* by **Focus.**
Lee: Mine must be all time Danish king of music, **Scatman John**, with *Scatman's World.*
Avi: I'll take two, seeing that we have a spare one: **The Wipers** with *Over the Edge* and **Poison Idea**'s *Feel the Darkness.*

Does the system work?
I have a master system console that works.

I noticed you wear the Kippah, or skullcap on stage. Do you have any plans for a special Jew-Dis **Kippah or other merchandise?**
We do actually have a plan for a **Jew-Dis** skull cap you will be able to sow it to the top of your hoodie. It has a Star of David with a fist in it, giving the finger, which is a bit of a piss-take on the JDL (Jewish Defence league) symbol.



Doin the Dis: Jew-Dis splitting some eardrums

Last night you were in Leeds supporting Swedish d-beaters Tortyr. **Other than playing loud music in front of a group of unwashed Yorkshiremen, how else have you spent the last 24 hours?**
Sitting in a van with some unwashed Yorkshiremen and Swedes - I've been driving **Cry Havoc** and **Tortyr** for the seven days prior to our gig in Leeds. So the last 24 hours involved driving back from Nottingham to Sheffield after a gig, getting in about 2am and finally getting to sleep in my own bed after a week of sleeping bags and floors.

Yasher koach
chazak ve'ematz

THE vinyl COUNTDOWN

featuring

hammers

The world teeters on the brink of apocalypse. The Prime Minister addresses the people. He says: "There's no fucking hope at all - we're fucked. Just listen to your top five vinyl records and welcome the end. Now, where's my spaceship? I said, where's my fucking spaceship?" But how on earth are you going to choose those five final records before the last one melts on the turntable? Let's get some help from the experts, and who better to ask than vinyl and tape junkies Hammers, whose first 12" offering is the single-sided *Orogeny*. These Manchester heavyweights draw upon their eclectic tastes to forge some almighty tunes. On top of *Orogeny*, I highly recommend 7" offerings and their cassette compilation of their earlier, d-beat inspired material, *Year One*.

Suggestions by Hammers - Nick, drums, Sacha, guitar and Daniel, bass

We're leaving together
But still it's farewell
And maybe we'll come back
To earth, who can tell?
I guess there is no-one to blame
We're leaving ground
Will things ever be the same again?

It's the vinyl countdown
The vinyl countdown

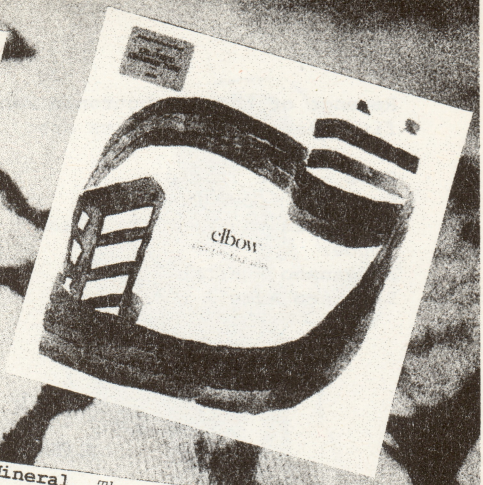
Nick

Torche, *Meandethal*
The whole record is so dark, but with some poppier sounding songs...I think it'd really get me in the mood for the end of the world. The intro, *Triumph of Venus*, is just an awesome; a fast, angry attack, and then it's followed by huge, simple, heavy riffs, which sound so evil. Just an appropriate record for the occasion really.

Strong As Ten, *self titled 12"*
If I'm going, I'm going on a posi-thrash assault!!! This is my favourite thrash record ever and it probably hasn't been distributed as well as it should because not enough people know how good this record is!!! Think **Bones Brigade**, but faster, and **Scholastic Death** but more riffy with a couple of **Black Flag** covers thrown in. Holy shit, this record will make me smile, even in the face of the apocalypse!

THE vinyl

Sacha



Elbow, *One Day Like This*

The end is near, it's morning and i can't be bothered. What happened last night? I met a lovely girl I've never seen before... Will I see her again? Did I screw this up by saying something that was meant to be nice, but came out completely the wrong way? Why can't we just go back in time and fix things or know what's gonna happen in advance? At the end of the day though, it's the end of the bloody world, what's done is done, I should have tried harder... Still it is indeed looking like a beautiful day, and a good tune is the perfect thing to cheer me up. This tune. Adios!

Daniel

Mineral, *The Power of Failing* LP

I found myself living at the other end of the country having left home at 17 to live with a girl I barely even knew. In the ensuing lacklustre relationship with her, my employer and myself not only found a catalyst, but some kind of hope through listening to *The Power of Failing* at work every day. Screaming the words in my head, imagining pounding my fists against the desk and visualising every chair kicked over in some defiance of just not knowing why things were the way they were and not really knowing what to do about it. I don't even listen to **Mineral** all that often these days, but find a great comfort in just knowing the two LPs, in particular the first, are always there if I ever need them.

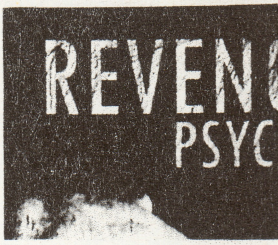
Pedro the Lion, *Winners Never Quit* LP

Another record that ruled a period of what I consider to be my formative years. In the aftermath of the aforementioned early relationship, I found great refuge in *Winners Never Quit* as a record through which I could vicariously and eloquently express anguish rather than confusion at the situations I'd allowed myself to fall into, the outcome of these poor decisions and the parallels I was then able to draw between the stories David Bazan told me and the life I'd expected should have turned out differently.

the last great act of defiance: hammers grab their favourite records as the apocalypse begins

Revenge of the Psychotronic Man's five Desert Island Discs are:

Zeke - *Flat Tracker*
Dwarves - *Come Clean*
Kid Dynamite - *Shorter, Faster, Louder*
Nomeansno - *Wrong*
Lawrence Arms - *Oh Calcutta*



punk rock cut-out-and-keep acti series featuring...

Five facts you didn't know about **Revenge of the Psychotronic Man**:

1) They were named after the **B-movie** of the same name. Instead of suing them, the makers of the film decided they would make a music video to be used on the bonus disc of the reissued movie. Writer and star Peter Spelson regularly donned a "Fuckers England" t-shirt and **Revenge of...** were also mentioned … at his wake.

2) **Revenge of**'s biggest influence is **Alan Partridge**. Many song titles and their album name, *Make Pigs Smoke*, are references to their hero.

3) **Revenge of...** are masters of completing tour **challenges** set by friends and other idiots. In the past they have managed to get comedy tattoos, steal garden gnomes, ride horses, give piggy backs to tramps, drink 100 pints each 10 days, shave TNS into someone's hair and hold up hilarious signs at the Angel of the North and Buckingham Palace. Despite much hard work, however, licking sheep proved impossible.

4) **Revenge of...** drummer El Big Hands has made these **remarks**: "A lion is a type of dog". "Phil Collins invented cross-arm drumming". "She's pregnant, but they don't know if it's hers".

5) **Tusks** are congealed hair. (not actually about **Revenge of...** to be fair)

How to make your Revenge of the Psychrotronic Man **action figures**

Step 1: Cut out the page and glue it to a breakfast cereal packet or other such piece of cardboard. You may also like to cover the page in sticky-backed plastic for a realistic sweat-drenched gig effect.

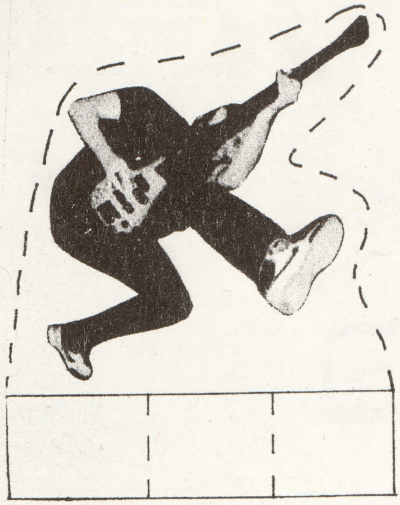
Step 2: Cut round each figure using the dotted lines to guide you. You may need a grown up to help you if the scissors are too sharp. Or your nurse.

Step 3: Cut along the dotted lines on the bases of your figures to create flaps which may be folded over to make stands for your figures.

Step 4: Arrange the figures in realistic gig poses, play one of their excellent recordings, such as *Make Pigs Smoke*, and dance round your bedroom like a crazed gibbon.

GE of the HOTRONIC MAN

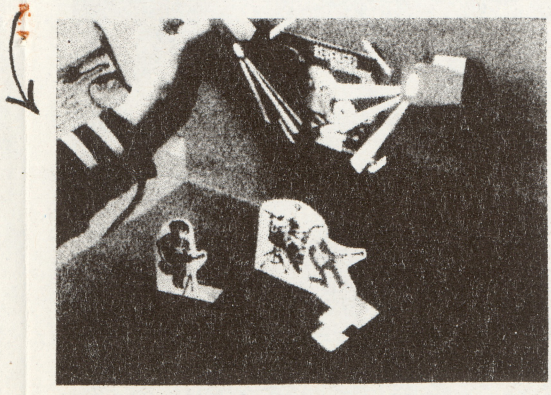
ion figures

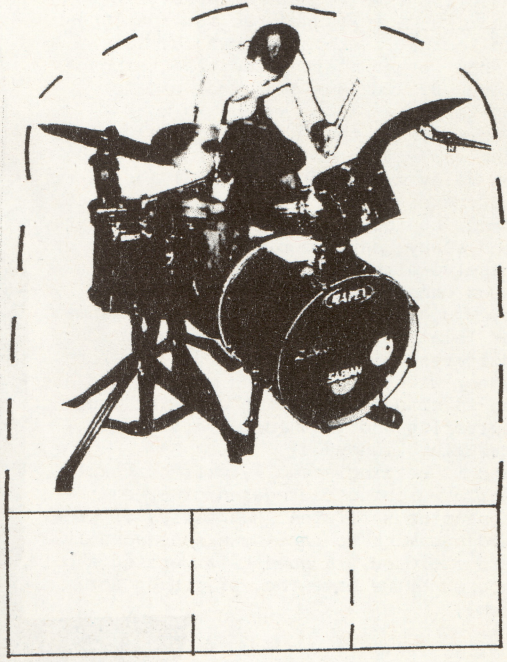


Andy

Matt Woods

We here at Cubesville like to foster creativity among the punx, so we'd like to see what you did with your action figures. Email your photos through to cubesville@hotmail.com and we'll post up the best ideas on ticket-to-cubesville.blogspot.com meanwhile, here's what we did with ours....





Big Hands

punx picnic basket

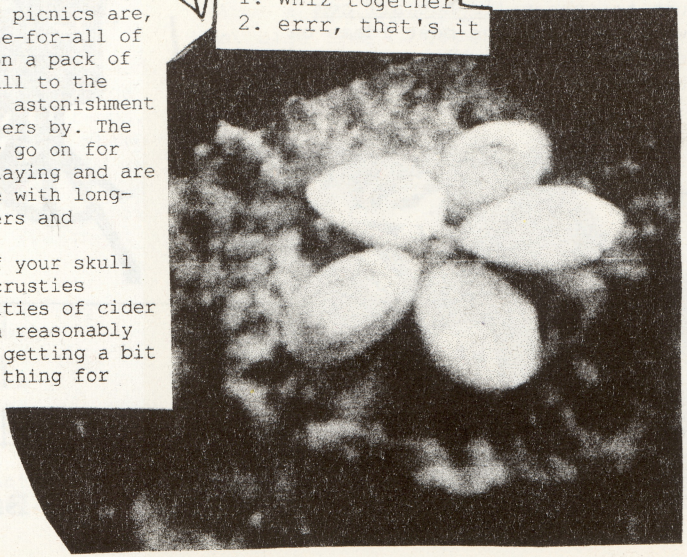
Here are some ideas for filling your picnic basket with cool and tasty vegan food, bursting with vitamins and other such goodness. What better way to spend the day than with an industrious hour in the kitchen, packing up the picnic basket and making for the nearest green space! If the weather holds out that is. The appeal of dining *al fresco* is blunted somewhat when the rain is bouncing off your bonce and you have a northerly wind whipping up your trouser leg.
But if it's looking grim outside, fear not. Just turn on the sun lamp, strip down to your smalls and pretend you're at Blackpool. And you too can be the talk of the Pleasurebeach with a basket bursting with groovy vegan food.
Talking of which, check out Cubesvillian blog, Percy the Punk Rock Penguin at groovyveganfood.blogspot.com.
Enjoy.

Last issue we visited McCubesville's anarcho-vegan burger bar for the latest in rocknroll ethical junkfood. This issue we get healthy and take things outdoors with our punk rock picnic basket.
Punx picnics have come a long way since the early days of protracted booze-ups on rainy municipal playing fields. Errm, sorry, did I just say that? I take it back, no they haven't. Punx picnics are, and always have been, a free-for-all of massive drinkers cheering on a pack of dogs chasing a burst football to the eye-goggling, open-mouthed, astonishment of local residents and passers by. The difference is that now they go on for ages, with lots of bands playing and are an endurance test for those with long-suffering and groaning livers and creaking kidneys.
And if getting steadily off your skull while watching bedraggled crusties consuming sufficient quantities of cider and ketamine to take down a reasonably proportioned wildebeest is getting a bit too much, we have the very thing for you.

Bean dip

400g tin of mixed beans
2 tablespoons of olive oil
the juice of 1 lemon
2 garlic cloves
1 tablespoon of fresh parsley
2 spring onions chopped finely
salt and pepper

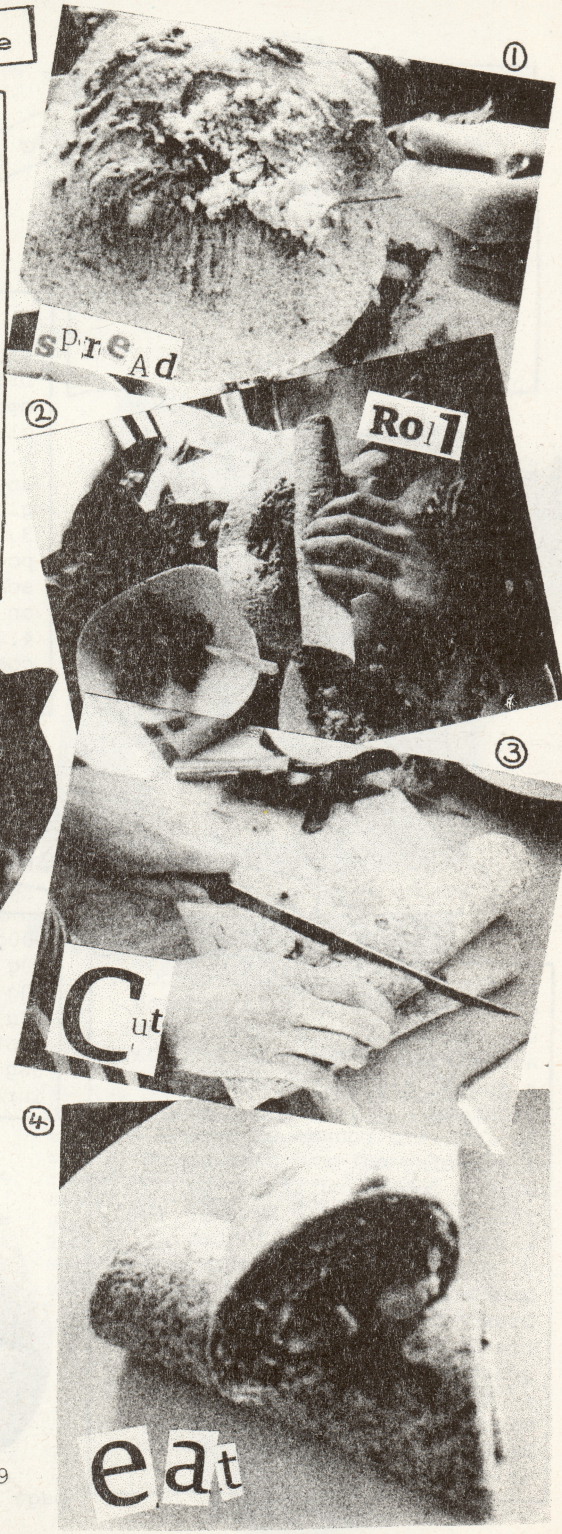
1. Whiz together
2. errr, that's it

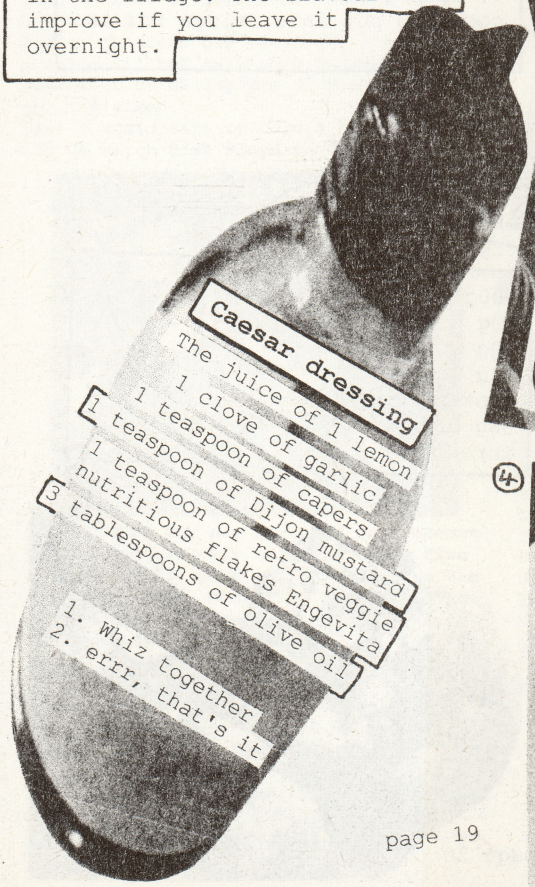


Sunflower and mushroom pate

150g sunflower seeds
2 tablespoons of vegetable oil
150g of finely chopped mushrooms
½ onion
2 tablespoons of fresh herbs
1 clove of garlic
salt and pepper

1. Put the seeds in a heavy based pan and dry roast until they start to brown. Stir occasionally. Grind to a coarse powder in a blender.
2. Heat oil and brown onions. Add mushrooms for a couple of minutes.
3. Mix all the ingredients together until they're well blended.
4. Store in a small plastic box in the fridge. The flavour will improve if you leave it overnight.



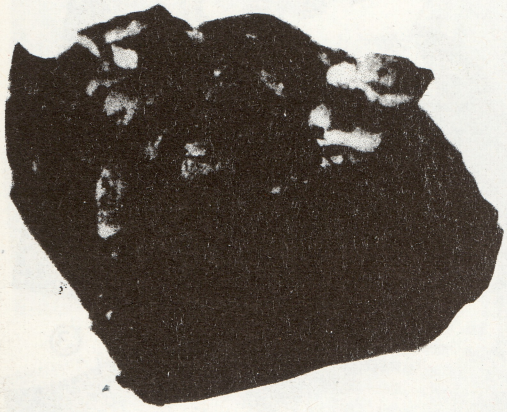

Caesar dressing
The juice of 1 lemon
1 clove of garlic
1 teaspoon of capers
1 teaspoon of Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon of retro veggie nutritious flakes Engevita
3 tablespoons of olive oil
1. Whiz together
2. errr, that's it

Food Pages

Chocolate and nut brownies

250g plain flour
150g brown sugar
200g caster sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla essence
80g cocoa powder
120ml vegetable oil
½ teaspoon baking powder
chopped nuts and chocolate chips for topping
greased tin
oven heated to 180oC/350oF/Gasmark 4

1. In a small pan, mix 240ml of water into 50g of flour, then bring to the boil, stirring **constantly**. It should turn gloopy. Take it off the heat.
2. Mix the sugar, vanilla, cocoa and oil. Then fold them into the gloop.
3. Fold in the flour and baking powder. Put into the tin and scatter nuts and chocolate chips on top.
4. Bake for 30 minutes. Leave to cool and put in a fridge for two hours.



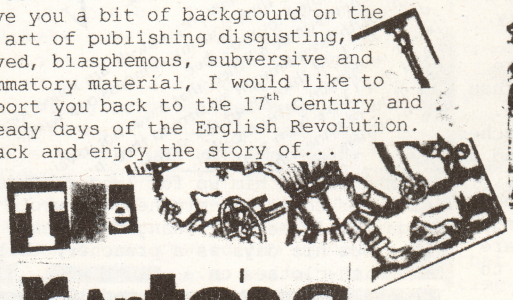
chocolate chip cookies

100g self raising flour
50g golden caster sugar
50g soya margarine
50g dark vegan chocolate all broken into chips
50g Brazil nuts, again broken into chips

1. Preheat your oven to 190oC or gas mark 5. While it's warming up, rub the flour, caster sugar and margarine together to create a dough. Mix in the chocolate and nuts
2. Cut into rounds either by flattening out and cutting up with a cookie cutter or by rolling out into a sausage and chopping off ½ inch slices.
3. Place your rounds onto a greased baking tray and gently press down. Bake in the top of the oven for 15 minutes or until golden brown.
4. Leave to cool for at least 15 minutes and move to a wire rack. Best eaten while the chocolate is still gooey.

origins: the DIY punkzine

When *One Way Ticket to Cubesville* reformed last year, the new look fanzine met with a mixed response; loyal readers shrieked in ecstasy when they saw the new issue, whereas some people who hadn't seen a fanzine before blinked in bewilderment.
Back when *Cubesville* was formed, a slightly drunk person at a gig selling fanzines out of a tattered plastic bag was a common sight. And fanzine writers were often found in small huddles at the back of of the gig plotting the downfall of Western capitalism, swapping printing tips, discussing ways to rip off the Post Office and above all, slagging off the bands.
But for many younger readers the fanzine format is new to them - it contains information like a computer, but you can read it on the bog, and even wipe your arse on it afterwards. You don't get that with Microsoft. When Apple invents a computer that can carry out that simple function, let's call it the R-Swipe, then I'll pack it in like.
To give you a bit of background on the noble art of publishing disgusting, depraved, blasphemous, subversive and inflammatory material, I would like to transport you back to the 17th Century and the heady days of the English Revolution. Sit back and enjoy the story of...



The Ranters

Getting dead drunk every day and winding up the ruling classes might not seem like everybody's cup of tea, but if you were a 17th Century Ranter, this would be right up your street.
Not only did these protopunks know how to party, they rejected the authority of the church and state and used a relatively new invention called the printing press to get their message across.
The Ranters were a loose collection of radicals and dissenters around in the time of the English Civil War. In 17th Century terms, they were the equivalent to urban punks, compared to the rural, land squatting movement around at the same time, the Diggers, who we can think of as authoritarian, do-gooding, hippies. Sandal-wearing neo-liberals if you like.

King of the Ranters was a gentleman called Abiezer Coppe, a particularly outspoken, hard drinking bloke from the Midlands who liked nothing better than to strut around preaching fire and brimstone stark bollock naked. Social justice was his bugbear and he was convinced cruel and fiery fates awaited the aristocracy of the day.
Mr Coppe was not the only naked preacher. A female Ranter in Scotland is reported to have ran into a church just as the congregation was baring its soul to the Lord, wapped her baps out and declared that Jesus had risen. As you do.
Mr Coppe took a similarly outgoing approach when showing his distaste for the aristocracy; he would run alongside their plush carriages snarling and gnashing his teeth at them. This was like a 17th Century version of the popular game of car kicking, but while they're moving like.

But how do we know about Mr Coppe and his antics?
The Ranters, as well as being unruly predecessors to punk rock, were also prolific pamphleteers, or fanzine writers. They used the latest technology, the printing press, to roll off cheapo mags full of outlandish scribblings, which they sold for a paltry cover price. Just like this one. And they probably became essential toilet reading too.
The Ranters got away with their lewd behaviour and outlandish scribblings because they were writing in a period of no censorship. That's right, for a few years in the English Civil War and Revolution, you could print what you liked. Cromwell and his cronies had just executed the king, who was god's appointed ruler. So they'd killed god in other words. Oops. And they weren't in any

position to go stirring up any more trouble in revolutionary England. So, while they kept their heads down, Ranters like Mr Coppe, Joseph Salmon and Lawrence Clarkson said what the fuck they liked, like.

Mr Coppe's best work was a particularly exuberant zine called *A Fiery flying Roll*, in which he unleashes an expansive and deranged imagination and calls on the downfall of the ruling classes. It's a lot better than the drab, punk-obsessed shit you're reading now by the way. If you are still reading. If you've got this far, you'll be very sorry you ever parted with your 50p as it's full of boring interviews with bands that nobody cares about and twattish articles about shit people stopped caring about in the 1980s. And oh, by the way, I spent the money on drink and then trashed your car in a cider frenzy. And then broke into your house and relieved myself in your wardrobe before dong that party trick with the toothbrush and the camera. Have a look on YouTube.

Anyway, back to Mr Coppe. What he preaches is the Ranter idea of an end to sin and an end to property. To demonstrate this, here's something that actually happened when I was living in Bradford. One long, depressing day, and believe me there are many in Bradford, I answered the door to Jehova's Witnesses. I used the "Coppe technique" to get them away. For good.

This is them, right: "Do you believe in God Mr Cubesville?"

And this is me: "Yes I wholeheartedly do my friend. Would you like to come in and talk about him as if he was real?"

And this is them: "That's good. Would you like a copy of our Jehovazine, *Watchtower*?"

And this is me really shitting them up: "Let me finish right. I believe God made us all. God is in all of us. Therefore every act of good is an expression of God's love. Likewise, every act of evil is also an expression of God's love - he did make us after all. So, the bigger the act of good, the closer to god we get. Likewise, the greater the evil we commit, the more we express God's love, and the closer to God we become."

This is them, really shitting it now: "Even robbery and murder Mr Cubesville?"

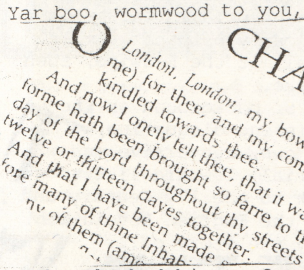
And this is me: "Especially robbery and murder my good friends."

Exit Jehova's Witnesses.

But the good times for Mr Coppe would not last forever. *A Fiery Flying Roll* proved such a success that it attracted the attention of the authorities, most notably Oliver Cromwell. Another was chief hippy Gerrard Winstanley, leader of the Diggers, who said he didn't like the blasphemous language used by the Ranters.

Well, Cromwell might have shat it when it came to executing all the upper classes, like they did in later revolutions in France and Russia, but he wouldn't let a naked man preaching anarchy and sin pass him by. He ordered Mr Coppe and his Ranter buddies to be thrown in prison until they said sorry. He also ordered all copies of *A Fiery Flying Roll* be burned. Crikey.

Mr Coppe was locked up in jail and forced to write an apology. He said sorry for all the things he'd said, but then added that it was all true and fire and brimstone would rain down on the aristocracy anyway. Yar boo, wormwood to you, posh boy.


O CHAP. V.

London, London, my bowels are rolled together, me) for thee, and my compassions within me kindled towards thee, that it was not in vain And now I onely tell thee, that it was not in vain forme hath been brought so farre to thee, to day of the Lord throughout thy streets twelve or thirteen dayes together. And that I have been made fore many of thine Inhab- ny of them (am-

So they locked him up for longer. Freedom-loving Mr Coppe was crushed. He wrote an unequivocal apology, changed his name and lived out his days as a preacher, this time with clothes on.

The age of the Ranters lasted 10 years or so, before Cromwell called time on the English Revolution, slaughtered the Irish and then left his idiot son to throw the doors open to the monarchy again. Their ideas were totally outrageous for the time, and still make very fruity reading, but they teach us something about freedom of expression, or lack of it. With no-one looking over their shoulders, ordinary people dared to break the rules to preach equality and peace. The authorities took exception to their language in order to silence them. Was it really their language and behaviour that they found offensive, or was it their ideals?

Their time of uncontrolled censorship was like the birth of the internet, when the world suddenly becomes what they call in *V for Vendetta* the Land of Do As You Please. And their fanzine output was a DIY a calling card in history, there to be picked up, read and taken up again. Cool.

THE AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN

This interview was conducted in Leeds; a city many people consider to be the fetid armpit of broken Britain. The city's attempts at city centre gentrification glisten among its vast swathes of post industrial wasteland like plastic pearls in pigshit. Which is a great place from which to introduce local grindcore supremos the Afternoon Gentlemen. **They combine mind-bogglingly fast and intricate music with the consumption of mind-bendingly large quantities of booze. I highly recommend you check this band out in a live capacity.** I watched a seasoned Discharge fan walk out of the Bradford 1 in 12 with her hands over her ears during their set earlier this year. **This interview is also available as a downloadable MP3 music and chat show on the Cubesville blog (just Google Cubesville to find it).**

Could I ask you to introduce yourselves and tell me what is your favourite drink.

Barthur: I'm Barthur and I play the bass. And my favourite drink by far is Triple Carmelite, a small production Belgian Trappist beer. It gets you wrecked.

Smith: I'm Smith and I play the drums and I like a pint of Timothy Taylors down at the Town Hall Tavern in Leeds. Nowherer else in Leeds can match it, simple as that.

Rich: I'm Rich, vocals. Fucking cheap cider, bit of scrumpy, bit of Strongbow, Buckfast - it's all good isn't it.

How cheap are you prepared to go?

R: It depends man, it depends on how much money I have in my pocket.

B: Fortunately for us today, you're interviewing us on World Buckfast Day. It was announced on the news today that there were 140 incidents in Scotland over the last year involving a Buckfast bottle and 5,000 involving Buckfast itself.

I heard 500 assaults with a Buckfast bottle in Scotland over the last three years.

R: Did you hear about the actual priest who attacked someone, some monks...

Mick: Here, I thought I was getting an introduction. I'm Mick, and I play the guitar. I like Castile Brew or anything that I can get.

Are you the quiet George Harrison of the band then?

All: Fuck off.

Can I ask you what an Afternoon Gentleman is, what one does and what might I do if I came across one?

S: Basically an Afternoon Gentleman, I came up with this a while ago, well I didn't come up with it at all right, maybe I imagined it. But when people talk about tramps they like to beat around the bush with all these politically correct terms. They don't say: "He's a fucking tramp or a "Giro jakey," or whatever, or "a flop". They say he was a man of the road, or an Afternoon Gentleman. They're called men of the road because they're always walking around trying to hitch lifts. Another is Afternoon Gentlemen because they tend to peak out at around midday. They're drinking in the morning and midday is when they're at their most lively and likely to engage in some town centre banter while they're slumped on a bench and by 3 o'clock they're asleep and it's all over. It's all about when you have your day off you start drinking straight away.

So an Afternoon Gentleman peaks early and falls asleep.

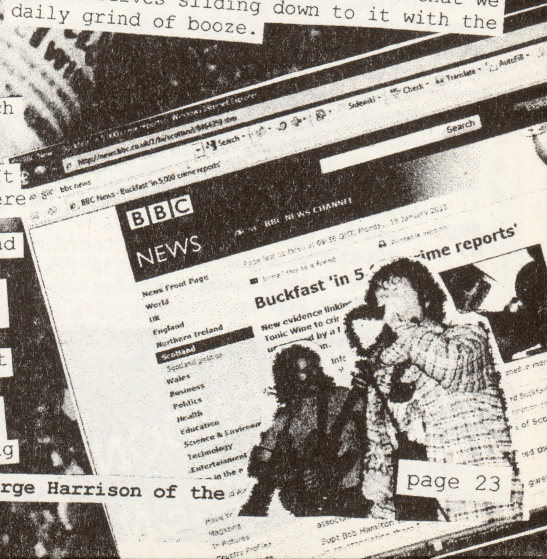
S: By the evening when everyone else is in the pub he's long gone.

B: He's had his time.

And to follow on from that - how would one of our readers become an Afternoon Gentleman?

R: A failed life.

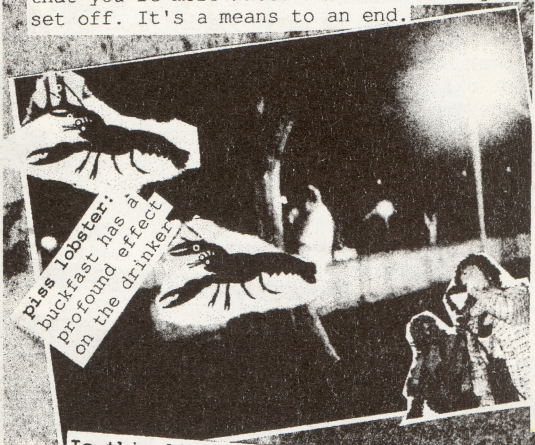
S: Fail in life and drink up. We neither glorify the tramp lifestyle nor condemn it. We merely document it, it's more like a reflexive thing. We're not saying this is the way to be or how not to be - it's just the way it is. Part of it is that we see ourselves sliding down to it with the daily grind of booze.



And would each of you like to talk us through your favourite tipples. What are the pluses and minuses of each?

M: I'm going to talk about crash and bash. It's about going to the punk rock show, stopping at the off-licence, buying a bottle or two or three. Drink them while you're walking down, spill them on your hands, spill them down your chin and be drunk when you arrive. Job done.

S: Crash and bash is not about anything other than expedience. It's about getting as much booze in your mouth quickly while you're going from A to B, the point being that you're more inebriated than when you set off. It's a means to an end.



piss lobster: buckfast has a profound effect on the drinker

Is this like when people talk on their mobile phones while they're walking along to save time?

R: Almost. And then you go from the crash and bash to the total smash. You get fucking eight cans in before the gig. It depends on how rich you are.

B: Sometimes it sets you up for the evening and it's all nice, but sometimes it puts you off. Smith a while ago taught me a lesson. We went to one of our local hostelries for a couple of beers and it was all good. And then we decided to get some crash and bash in the form of blue WKD.

S: Blue WKD is ideal crash and bash.

B: It's not though.

S: It is - you wouldn't drink it normally. It's full of sugar so you've got a total sugar rush by the time you get there.

B: But after the sugar rush, it's like going mountain biking on caffeine - it totally messes you up. K Cider is a pretty interesting one as well...

I did some research into drinking before the interview. I found a couple of drinking sites down by the canal and sifted through the cans and bottles. Tenants Super seems a popular choice with the canal crew.

M: It tops Carlsberg Super for me.

S: Oily (Geoffrey) Oicott introduced me to Tenants Super. We were in the basement of our old house, I think we were tracking drums. We woke up and we were a bit half cut and hungover and had just come back from with a few cans of Tenants Super and the drums were pretty much flowing after that.

R: One I've discovered pretty recently is fucking Scotsmac. You generally find it on the same shelf as Buckfast...

B: But it's about half the price though.

R: It tastes like marzipan and it fucks you up. It's great.

M: One I've noticed recently is K cider. You don't see a lot of people drinking it but you see the aftermath of the K binge. Down the canal you will quite often see 10, 12, maybe 15 discarded cans of K. The bottle is black, so you're looking through the abyss when you're drinking it. You can find it in your Happy Shoppers, your Lidl, in any pound shop price range. It doesn't taste nice, but it's 8%.

B: Something that's almost for your Thatcherite Afternoon Gentleman is your Belgian Trappist beers. When you're drinking them you have an air of sophistication about you,but you're drinking 12.5% twatter. Especially for your readers who might be into limited edition vinyl, when you get your Christmas beers from some of these breweries, you might only be talking about 500 to 1,000 bottles. They stop production come December, so you'll buy two bottles, keep one for next year, but you're never going to get past May. If you're honest with yourself, you'll neck them down in one. Stick them in a pint pot and just fucking neck it.

S: There's almost a schizophrenic or contradictory nature of Afternoon Gentlemen. We don't condone or condemn tramps themselves. Often we'll sing songs about white cider because we do like to get smashed on white cider, but we do like to drink rather poncey editions of Trappist ale. It's a big celebration of booze. There's a different booze for every occasion. When you're in the middle of a set of grindcore, you want a bottle of Buckfast passed around the stage, but when you're sitting down in front of a 1930s French movie on a Sunday night you probably want a different kind of booze.

Do you think alcohol is the great leveler? And could we found an egalitarian society based on binge drinking?

S: I don't think so. The fact is that a lot of my friends are bad drinkers and they don't level out when they're drunk at all. They go weird and mad mental.

B: A lot of people turn into dicks when they've had a sniff of booze and I like to think that us and our peers aren't like that. But some people use it as an excuse to carry on like a doily.

nose to the grindstone: the afternoon gents in heads-down-and-charge mode

What would a typical dustbin banquet consist of?

M: Cheese sandwiches, Branston Pickle sandwiches, hamburger relish sandwiches.

S: When we got kicked out of our last house, right, we had a fridge and a freezer full of skipped food. We sat in the front room and ate this meal made of all the food left in the house. We kept going at it for about 20 minutes and couldn't finish it. It was a proper dustbin banquet.

(The interview breaks down into a cacophony of arguing and bickering over which becomes heard the voice of an **Afternoon Gentleman** fan in an advanced state of inebriation.)

Finally, I've been asking people for their Desert Island Discs. But in your case, you have a massive panic attack and end up trapped on a traffic island. You sleep in an abandoned car with a working CD player. What five CDs would you like with you to keep you company?

Amy: Oh my god. Are you doing an interview? It's like walking in on your parents shagging. I'm going to close the door and walk away. I'm just going to close the door and walk away...

R: I'd mix it up with a bit of groovy goregrind for some silly dancing and shit. I'd have some grooves...

S: Some **Discordant Axis** and shit for a bit of blast...

END

"Ahoy mateys!

AHAB

Basing their music on *Moby Dick* was a stroke of genius for Ahab. The German funereal doom band took inspiration from Herman Melville's novel to recreate the vastness and emptiness of the ocean as the crew are at the mercy of the monomaniac Captain Ahab and his pursuit of the enormous sperm whale, Moby Dick. The follow-up to their first CD, The *Call of the Wretched Sea*, took the band on a bleaker tangent. *The Divinity of Oceans* describes the true and wretched tale of the shipwrecked crew of the Nantucket whaling ship Essex, who were cast adrift and forced to eat one another in order to stay alive. Superb. Here's guitarist and co-founder Daniel Droste on doom, drinking and dining on your bandmates. Cheers Daniel.

In Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, Ishmael went to sea to escape what he described as a deep, destructive melancholia. Do you hope your music will lift your listeners from such shadows? Or can they expect to be plunged further into the depths of despair?

If we are able to affect people with our music, I am honoured and satisfied because that's the biggest compliment a musician can get in my opinion. It is important to reach the people, the effect depends on the listeners interpretation. Melancholy can be beautiful and sad at the same time, a musician listens different than people who are non-musical. So... reaching the people is what I hope to achieve.

Having released recordings based on Moby Dick and the story of ill-fated crew of the Essex whose ship was sunk by a gargantuan sperm whale, you now claim to have closed the chapter on Nantucket and to be looking further afield for inspiration. What lies beyond the port of Nantucket for the crew of Ahab? What other nautical nightmares are you planning to evoke? Are you planning to add different musical influences to your smouldering cauldron of nautical funereal doom?

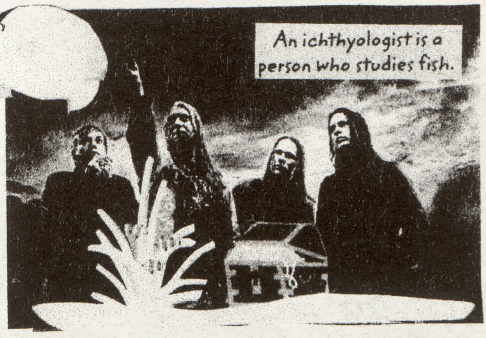
The fact that Ahab is a band that was founded to compose nautical stories makes it necessary to be open-minded against influences of other styles, but the basement is and will be doom. Building different musical influences on that base has more to do with feeling than with planning, and is a process that almost always happened spontaneously during the composing.

Ahab find themselves cast adrift in an endless empty ocean. Which band member gets eaten first to save the rest from a slow lingering death from starvation? Is this something you would consider doing anyway? Do you have any handy tips to prepare a mouth-watering dish from your luckless comrade?

Well the first that should be eaten in such a case is either the weakest one or the fattest one. I'm not cooking that much meat for myself at home, but I guess that if I'd be half-dead I would eat everything or also kill to survive....even if it's damn hard to believe eating one of my unhealthy bandmates. If I'd be captured on the open sea in a little boat, the lack of spices and an oven would make it impossible to cook something delicious...but otherwise I'd throw the chosen one into a big pot with onions, many mushrooms, a bit garlic, pepper, salt, white wine and a bit of sour cream...that should be a solid and delicious meal.

Coastguards find a solitary lifeboat cast adrift on a vast, windless, featureless, ocean containing the sun-bleached remains of yourself and the (slightly gnawed) remains of your crew. What would your last entry in the boat's log read, and what would be your parting words to the world?

I never wrote more than I had to in my life, so I'm sure that wouldn't change when I'd be almost dead. I'm not interested in saying goodbye to the world so I guess I'd write just a few lines for my family...that's it.



You are commissioned to write the score for *Das Boot* the Broadway musical. What does it sound like? What Hollywood stars would you cast for the production?
I would cast the same actors like in the original movie, because they did a great job in my opinion. I really like the flair that movie had, and I guess that new actors would destroy that. The score would sound dark, cold and heavy to compose the submarine, and fragile and depressive to compose the feelings of the crew that is captured and lost in the depths below...

An old English seaman's saying goes: "On land it's wine, women and song, but all you get at sea is rum, bum and concertina." When Ahab leave the confines of the studio, do we expect feats of unbridled hedonism and do you have any tales of raucous antics on tour to tell?
Of course we all like to party and have some fun around the shows, but we're also old enough to know how to behave. No Ahab member will ever be too drunk to play or something like that...there are people who paid to see a good show, and we'll do our best to be worth paying the ticket for a show....nevertheless our drummer ended half-naked in a fridge after our last show. No idea how that could happen.

You're shipwrecked on a desert island. Before the ship is swallowed by the ravenous waves, you have time to gather some music to help you to bear the loneliness ahead. What records do you take onto your desert island? You're also allowed a book and a luxury; any ideas?
As book I'd choose the bible... because I want to read the world's famous book before I die on the one hand, and I guess it'll keep me busy for a while on the other hand. The luxury would be a guitar, and the records...difficult, but if I could choose three I'd decide for any *Guns'n Roses* CD, maybe *Appetite for Destruction*, Anathema's *The Silent Enigma* and Warning with *Watching from a Distance*.

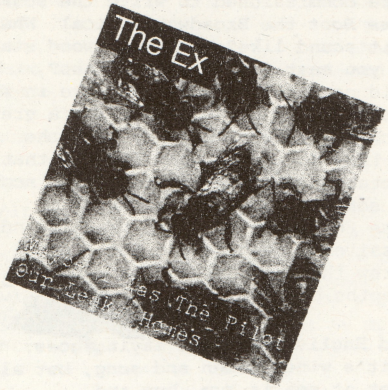
After three weeks of desolation, the survivors of the Essex, cast adrift on a maddeningly calm sea, wrote in the boat's log: "The violence of raging thirst has no parallel in the catalogue of human calamities." With a little planning, what drinks would you take with you to turn an endless harrowing fight for survival into a raucous rock n roll party in the South Pacific? Jägermeister has become very popular in the UK in recent years, does Germany have any more mind-bending drinks to give us poor suffering mortals soul-wrenching hangovers?
First of all I'd organize a few different sorts of beer. The only hard liquor stuff I like is gin, (real) whisky and booze that's made of herbs, so Jägermeister would be OK too. Of course we do have a lot of mind-bending drinks, but most of that stuff is awful in my opinion.
I received a delicious Christmas gift last year from my girlfriend's grandmother, a lady of 92 years. It was a herb liquor that was made by nuns in a German convent. That stuff is only available at that special convent and much better than Jägermeister or all those other famous stuff. Praise the lord, long live the nuns!

Without the salvation of land, the survivors of the Essex found themselves under attack by sharks. Do you find the rock music business also has its fair share of voracious cold blooded predators? What weapons do you have to fend off attacks from them?
It's an industry...and like every industry, it is mainly interested in earning money. When we got our first record deal with the first band Chris and I had, we had to experience some of the negative aspects of the business. We never saw a cent; no one ever told us how many records we really sold back then...we were green teenagers at that time, and it was a bad but also significant lesson we learned. It is important do play the music you want to perform to stay authentic. If a label would try to tell me how my songs have to sound like, with the interest to sell more copies I'd definitely refuse or quit the cooperation...but that's something I haven't experienced so far.

record Reviews

This issue welcomes punk rock legend Irish Dave (ID) to help out with a few reviews. Although terrorised dancefloors in Birmingham for years and years, anyone from Kilkenny above a certain age will remember the punk who used to hold up the sign outside the army shop. Dave also did a classic zine called **Pink Panther** many years ago, and now does an insightful and brilliant blog, scroungingciderhiddenflaggon.blogspot.com, or simply Google **"Scrounging Cider Hidden Flaggon"**.
Cubesville endorses boundary-bending DIY music, or heads-down-and-charge punk rock, whichever is closest to hand. Cubesville also recommends rejecting the norm, offending the public, upsetting the applecart, looking stupid when you're actually really clever, etc, etc. As **Sid Vicious** said when he was asked if he was making music for the common man: "I've met the common man, and he's a cunt."
On the other hand though, if you want to really offend people through music, don't try swearing, attacking the audience or even going to the toilet on the stage - it's been done (in one pre-gig warm-up by **GG Allin**). The way to really, really offend public decency is to walk into a charity shop and buy a Gary Glitter LP from the old lady behind the counter...
Enough of that, on with the music.

the ex, *maybe i was the pilot/our leaky homes* (ex records)
This is the first recording with new vocalist Arnold de Boer and if you didn't know that former lead vocalist G.W. Sok had left the band last year you wouldn't automatically know from listening to this, so similar are their voices. But it isn't "The Ex By Numbers" (I don't think they could do that even if they tried) and after a 2nd or 3rd listen de Boer's own style



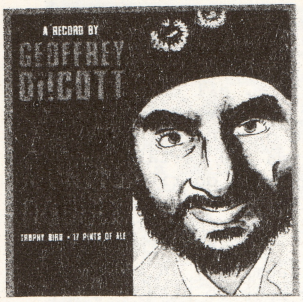
starts to make itself known. Both tracks on this 7" display the oddball funky repetitive weirdness of classic Ex records, all clippity-clop drumbeats and frantic guitar one minute, urgent dance-ability the next, all working into a hypnotic loop that you know should never ever finish. But then it does. Bastards. New singer or not, The Ex are still The Ex. Hurray! (ID)

various, *mainstream music is shit* volume 2 (tns records)
To prove once again that mainstream music is shit, the kids at TNS present 37 DIY bands over two CDs. That's 37 pretty convincing reasons why mainstream music is, by comparison, shit. The CDs are roughly divided into tuneful/buzzsaw punk and dub/ska. It's a great album to get lost in, as every track is a stormer. Considering they haven't impressed me too much before, my favourite track is from **The Medicine Bow**, a rich, sleezy, slice of rocknroll that goes straight back to early Saints. **Sounds of Swami**, **Kirkz** and **Dangerfields** roll their sleeves up and get stuck in, and **The Great St Louis** give a gruff nod to Leatherface.
Meanwhile, **Jimmy the Squirrel** treat us to smoothe, hispanic-tinged ska, **Harijan** and the **Hostiles** get bold and brassy, **Stand Out Riot** live up to their name and **Faintest Idea** and the **Autonomads** plat together the three vital strands of music, politics and humour.
tnsrecords.co.uk/tnsrecords@hotmail.co.uk

sense of urgency/stand out riot/a war against sound, *tns 008* cd (tns records) / **stand out riot**, *carnival militia* (bigtone recordings)
The blood-curdling voice of **Sense of Urgency**'s Joe O'Reilly kicks off the 10-track *TNS 008* split as the Stoke ska six-piece put their heads down and charge through their four numbers on the compilation. Stand out track is *Lowbrow*, which laments a lack of inspiration at a furious pace only to give way to the horns to take our pulses back down to normal with a laid-back outro. **A War Against Sound** leave more room for contemplation, demonstrating their technical brilliance, but lay the ska on heavy nonetheless.
Which brings us to my favourite, **Stand Out Riot**. *This is not a Movement* is an anthem to switching off the damn computer and dealing with real life politics. "As we boldly click our mouse/Where no one has scrolled before/We stop plight, famine and misery/Without walking out the door." Francis frantically blurts out pearls of wisdom like he forgot to ask for decaf. Their first solo outing **Carnival Militia** draws on eclectic tastes to treat us to another eight storming classics. Delightful, and one to get you leaping round the front room like a crazed gibbon.
tnsrecords.co.uk/tnsrecords@hotmail.co.uk

morne, *untold wait* (feral ward records)
On first listen to this much anticipated album, all the references to **Axegrinder** and **Amebix** seemed justified. The dark brooding vocals and atmospherics are certainly here and yes the guitars do riff hard. But after a few listens what we have is a collection of songs that are good, but not great. Too often the tracks wander about seemingly in search of an **Axegrinder** hook to attach themselves to. When that happens it is genuinely amazing to hear, but it doesn't happen enough. For example, the title track takes a fairly pointless seven-minute stroll around before suddenly remembering what it's meant to do and suddenly turns into the colossal closing track, *Sorrow*. Morne are a band who seem to suffer from the same problem as **Tragedy**, where the sum is less than the parts. And the cack-handed way the album just stops in the middle of a riff is a disgrace - why not wind down the track progressively, or fade it out? (ID)

statues, *holiday cops* 12" and *we're disparate* 7" (p.trash records)
These three Canadians might look like managers from your local **Specsavers**, but they sure know how to put together a damn fine record. Both releases hark to the golden age of vinyl - *Holiday Cops* spins at 45rpm, while *We're Disparate* lacks a middle and requires a small piece of plastic called a "spider". Oh yeah. For those people who missed them when they came over this year, Statues make really catchy powerpop with a nod and a wink to the **Undertones** and even a nudge-nudge to the punkier end of **Nomeansno**. I'm still whistling the chorus to *Young Enough*: "I'm young enough to be ignored but old enough to count." Utterly heavenly.
www.Ptrashrecords.com



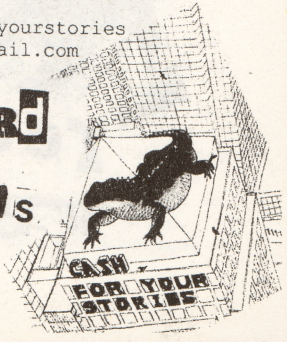
geoffrey oi!cott, *i was monty's double* 7" (xfist records)
It's so good to see Oi!Cott has survived a line-up tweak; the disappearance of Yorkshire's premier cricketing streetpunx would be far too much to bear. This 7" marks a glorious final over for a couple of Oi!Cott and what better way than with a celebration of the chequered cricketing abilities of Monty Panesar. Fiercely defending his spin bowling prowess over his fielding errors, Oi!Cott roar: "He takes the odd ball - the crowd comes alive/Monty Monty gizza high five." The flipside features *Trophy Bird*, an ode to a female darts player and a Partisans classic, revised to *17 Pints of Beer*. Cricket, darts and heavy drinking, what more do you want?
www.bosstunage.com

tree of sores demo
How much further from Oi!Cott can you go but to the bleak, barren wilderness inhabited by Tree of Sores. But that's where you'll find the drummer, who now powers this downtempo Leeds crust three-piece. Their two-track demo has all the fun of a funeral and promises further doom to come. Oh yeah.
www.myspace.com/treeofsores
treeofsores@hotmail.com

sissy spacek, *fortune/the eyes of men* (gilgongo records)
Big name noise guru John Wiese [**Bastard Noise, Sunn0)))**] is the one constant in this grind noise outfit and this time around he's joined by drummer Charlie Mumma and Corydon Ronnau on vocals. Considering previous Sissy Spacek adventures in entertainment have included an 18-piece noise orchestra and a performance consisting of nothing more than glass breaking as a sound source, a 7" that provides 26 tracks of ear-hating, snarling grind brevity to jump out of out of your speakers might sound tame. But only on paper. Like the best Slap-A-Ham records from the 90's each side is over before you can.even read the track listing. And really - you wouldn't want it any other way. (ID)

into black mirror cd (uwe friedrich recordings)
Weighed down with the utter inconvenience of life, these German crusties borrow from the likes of **Tragedy** to express their terminal exasperation. Check out *A World is Ripped Apart* for an atmosphere so dense that you could stub your toe on it - it feels like waking up after 1,000 years to find you'd been inadvertently buried in the bowels of an imposing dark mountain and to emerge spluttering and bewildered into a world you barely comprehend. Cool.
www.myspace.com/intoblackmirror

cash for your stories 7" (andi's friends records)
Again we're emerging spluttering and bewildered into a world we barely understand, but this time to angry, angular postpunk. This release consists of four jazz-tinged, raucous and catchy tunes that take us on a tour of universal alienation and regret at a perpetual and profound common suffering. And you can dance to it too. Sort of.
www.myspace.com/cashforyourstories
cashforyourstories@hotmail.com



PunX PUB qUiz

What a strange thing a pub quiz is. Take a load of people, stick them in a room full of beer and just when it looks like they'll have a right old riot, sit them down and make them do an exam.

Anyway, for those of you who were rubbish at school and spent too much time listening to music when you should have been doing your homework, here's something to keep you entertained while you're sitting on the bog (fanzines are only read in the bathroom and this one's no exception - it is a very absorbent read).

Last issue's quiz was a roaring success. The punk trainspotter crown went to Jessi "CSE woodwork" Eastfield for retaining far too much trivia.

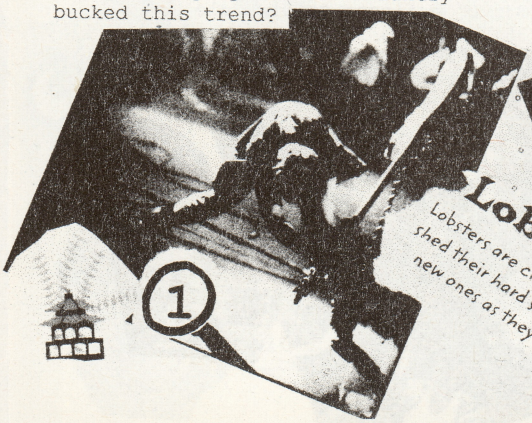
This issue's answers will be posted on the Cubesville blog before the Bradford Means to an End festival, 14 October 2010. Find it at ticket-to-cubesville.blogspot.com, or just Google "Cubesville". You can even email me answers if you can be arsed, cubesville@hotmail.com. The person with the highest score will receive some sort of prize. Good luck.

Picture round

Round 1: back to bass-ics

(questions 1 to 5)

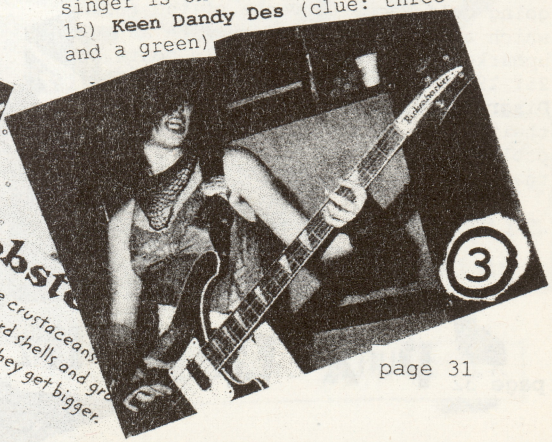
The bass guitarist is widely thought of as the most incompetent member of any rock and roll group; lazy, unaccomplished, often lacking in looks. But can you name these bass-wielding bigwigs who brilliantly bucked this trend?



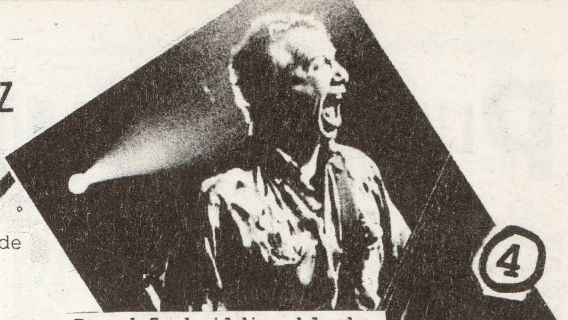
Round 2: totally scrambled

Unscramble these anagrams to reveal the name of the punk band.

6) **Weny Penis** (clue: the poor man's Bad Religion)
7) **Sexier Tremor on Tree** (clue: swapped the A.L.F. For the K.L.F.)
8) **Ol' Blood Logger** (clue: New York - yawn - folk music - yawn...)
9) **Erie Star** (clue: punk in a Welsh vein)
10) **An A.L.F. Git** (clue: agit punk gone major label)
11) **Kind Rash** (clue: there are worse complaints)
12) **Star Nude** (clue: grrrls)
13) **As Hard, O Please** (clue: reformed hardcore outfit)
14) **The Pie O' Sex** (clue: former singer is on the Rebound)
15) **Keen Dandy Des** (clue: three tories and a green)

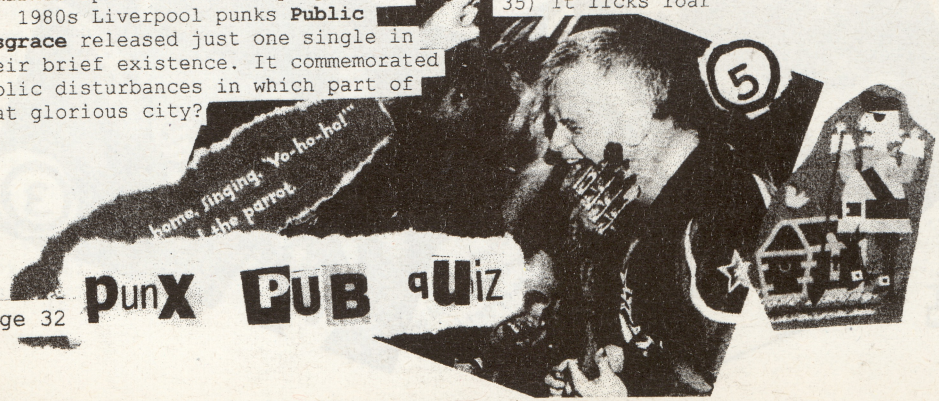


PunX PUB qUiz



Round 3: Punk rock explosion
In this round, we look at punk bands making a bang.
16) **Poison Idea** sung about a bomb made of which substance?
17) What kind of dream did punk trouble makers **Crass** have in the Japanese city of Nagasaki?
18) Which eclectic genre-busting Mancunians said: "It's bigger than punk rock"?
19) Which **Ramones**-loving, Cardiff-dwelling happy hardcore heroine asked: "Does your heart go boom"?
20) The first **Lurkers** LP could either refer to a nuclear attack on London or refer to what Fulham Football Club, or the Cottagers, have threatened to do in the Premiership in recent seasons, despite an exhaustive European campaign. Name that LP.

Round 4: punk rock riot
There's nothing punk rockers like better than a good old riot.
21) "Riot all by myself, I ain't got no-one else." Name the US punks and their downhearted ditty.
22) Which Belfast street punks ran amok with songs like *Alcoholic Heroes* and *Punishment Beating*?
23) Former tank driver and singer of 1970s Ilford punks **Riff Raff** decided to go it alone with his first solo album, *Life's a Riot with Spy vs Spy*. Name the evergreen Essex boy.
24) Arguably the best punk band in the world, the **Toy Dolls** sang: "It's too much for the coppers, there's a riot going on!" Name the venue of the riot, which also shares its name with an upmarket spot on the Monopoly board.
25) 1980s Liverpool punks **Public Disgrace** released just one single in their brief existence. It commemorated public disturbances in which part of that glorious city?

Round 5: building blocks
Construction is a noble trade to get into - plenty of fresh air and as much strong tea as you can drink. Lovely. These bands have thoughtfully supplied you with the necessary materials to get on with it.
26) Name the solid, heavy-sounding LP by **999**, which admittedly wasn't their best. They were more of a singles band, truth be told. Like the **Jam**.
27) Talking of the **Jam**. They sung about what and mortar on *In the City*? One of which I'll probably get through my window for dismissing them as a singles band. But they were.
28) The **Flux** comeback that fell flat was called *Uncarved* what?
29) Name the US thrash progenitors who sang *Walls*, which was subsequently covered by **Napalm Death** and **Rose Rose**.
30) This is not a punk question at all, but seeing as they get a mention elsewhere in this fanzine, name the **Judas Priest** LP, *British* xxx.

Round 6: More jumbled nonsense
go on then, here are some more band names of jumbled-up into surreal rudeness. Just to keep you guessing, no clues this time. Good luck...
31) Labia to stain fonts
32) See live bra wash
33) Shit at len
34) O' a finger to piss ale
35) It licks loaf